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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO WINTER.

IN flakes descends the fleecy snow,
The stagnate waters cease to flow,
Bound up in chains of frost;
One glaring white does earth o'erspread,
The vegetative powers seem dead,
And for a time are lost.

Deprived of sap and leaves, the trees
Bending beneath the wintry breeze,
As withered trunks appear,
Except the fir and baleful yew,
The holly, ivy, laurel too,
Their summer livery wear.

Industrious labour's at a stand,
No plough can penetrate the land,
Nor spade pervade the soil,
The labourer now deprived of bread,
Sits listless in his humble shed,
Nor plies his useful toil.
Half naked round the little fire,
His children crouch—well pleased the sire
The tattered grouse surveys;
His patient wife turns round her wheel,
Nor seems the piercing cold to feel,
So they enjoy the blaze.

Yon shivering, houseless wanderer, see,
Bent down with age and poverty,
She begs her bitter bread,
Her scanty cloak can't shield from cold,
Patched rags her shriveled limbs enfold,
She trembling seems half dead.

Yet once she had a dwelling place.
Was mother to a num'rous race,
Of sons and daughters fair,
By cruel war, of sons bereft,
And now alas no daughter left,
A parent's griefs to share.

Now ope the hospitable door,
Ye sons of wealth and bid the poor,
' Be warmed and clothed, and fed,
So will the Lord your store increase,
And shed prosperity and peace,
And blessings round your head.

LYDIA.

TRANSLATION OF BARREAU'S VERSES.*

THE judgments of thy providence,
Great God, are just and right;
And to be merciful and kind,
Is ever thy delight.

But never can thy pardoning grace
Such sins as mine forgive;
For justice cannot yield her rights,
Nor grant that I should live.

* See poetry, No. 13.

The greatness, of my crimes, my God,
For mercy leaves no room;
But arms with terrors thy right hand,
To seal my righteous doom.

The honour of thy throne forbids,
That life I should enjoy;
And even thy clemency expects,
That thou shalt me destroy.

Then do thy will, since 'twill promote
The glories of thy sway;
And from the tears which now I shed
In anger turn away.

'Tis time, strike, now thy thunder hurl,
On my devoted head:

Yet falling I'll adore the power,
Which strikes salvation dead.

Pay vengeance due; yet where shall fall
Thy thunder from above,
That is not hallowed with the blood
Of the Redeemer's love?

ANGELICUS.

EPIGRAM.

ON A TOMSTONE IN LOUGH-LOMOND
CHURCH-YARD.

Written by a Mother on the loss of an Infant Son.

'T WAS when the primrose hail'd the infant year*

When all was anxious eye and listening ear,

My sweet rose bud reclin'd his weary head;

And here he lies amongst the silent dead.

Uncertain life, how transient is thy show,

How high thy projects and thy end how low,

This day in health, a country's pride and boast,

Perhaps, tomorrow mingled with the dust.

TO LUCY;

A VALENTINE.

HOW sweet the opening rose expands,
Its fragrance through the morning air,
Its softness tempts our eager hands,
No gem can with its tint compare.

Emblem of Lucy's ripening charms,
Each day still adds a beauty more,
Already every heart she warms,
Those love, who but admired before.

* Spring.

But not unto her form alone,
Should praises justly be confined;
Though so near beauties summit grown,
It equals not her lovelier mind.

True, gentle, humble, modest worth,
With innocence, and virtue too,
Conspicuous in her shine forth;
Thus she delights both thought and view.

The eastern poets sweetly sing,
How the enamoured nightingale,
Soars o'er the rose with restless wing,
To guard it from too rough a gale.

Oh! how delighted should I be,
Like him to watch a lovelier rose,
To imitate this care for thee,
And every threatening ill oppose.

But if the fates severe refuse,
Such happiness should e'er be mine,
May they one far superior chuse,
For charming Lucy's Valentine.

HELIO TROPUS.*

The following version into Latin, of a popular English ballad, is inserted for the amusement of those who are acquainted with the learned languages. It is chiefly remarkable for its exact coincidence with the original, both in sense and metre; and if it ever before appeared in print, it is without the knowledge of the writer. It was composed many years ago, by an unknown member of one of the English universities, who also made a translation of it equally exact into the Greek language, which shall be inserted on some future opportunity. The original ballad is added, to enable an estimate of its correctness to be formed by those, who have not before seen it.

SHENKIN'S QUESTUS.

PRÆCLARUS ortu Shenkin,
Ex stirpe Theodori,
Sed sessit a me
Splendor famæ,
Veneris furore.

Splendentis Winifridæ
Ocelli perculsere,
Cor heu crudeli
Ictu teli,
Desperat apte mederi.

Tam clarus fuit nemo
Ceu pili, ceu Baccilli;
Cursu equestri,
Vel pedestri,
Haud quiesquam compar illi.

Nunc gaudice fugerunt,
Emaciantur genæ;
Cor heu sic dolet,
Non ut solet,
Tam cæpe vlet bene.

Non usquam deglutienda
Promulsis de Montgomery;
Si cessat quies
Plus sex dies,
Eternum valet Flummery.

THE ORIGINAL BALLAD.

SHENKIN'S COMPLAINT.

OF a noble race was Shenkin,
Of the line of Owen Tudor,
But hur renown
Is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued hur.

Sweet Winny's cheeks bright shining,
And snowy breast alluring,
Poor Shenkin's heart,
With fatal dart,
Has wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow,
At stool ball, or at cricket,
At hunting chace,
Or nimble race,
Ye gods how hur could prick it.

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan hur cheeks too;
Hur heart so aches,
Hur quite forsakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks too.

No more shall sweet Methaglin,
Be drank in good Montgomery;
And if love sore,
Lasts six days more,
Farewell cream cheese, and flummery.

The following version into French, of two lines on Sir Isaac Newton, is inserted at the request of a gentleman, who signs himself un Emigre François.

ORIGINAL.

NATURE, and Nature's laws, were not
in Night,
God said let Newton be, and all was light.

FRENCH VERSION.

LA Nature et ses Loix étoient lons it
l'autre en nuit,
Dieu dit, que soit Newton, et l'univers
s'éclaira essoit.

* Heliotropium Luci semper verit.